

Crime Wave? The Mayor of Delhi has sent Constable Pelee Brown to New York to investigate. Don't miss the story of Pelee's adventures. On this page soon.

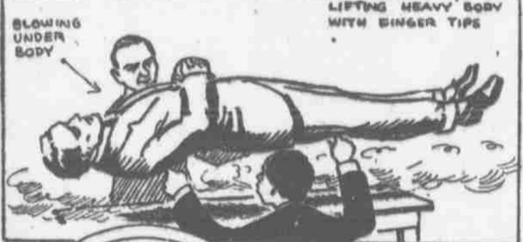
New Year's Will the future celebrations be as merry as those of yore? Watch for Marguerite Moore's Marshall's verdict on this page.

Can You Hold a Giant? Easy if You Know How

Dr. Aldinger of New York Explains Feats by Which Johnny Coulon Is Amazing Paris.

Pressure on Neck and Wrist Does It

Johnny Coulon and Two of His Stunts



JOHNNY COULON

By Will B. Johnston. Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

HERLIE'S a new trick. Try it on your guests after Christmas dinner.

Johnny Coulon, the ex-bantam-weight champion of the world, has just introduced it in Paris, according to cable reports, and the game has taken the French capital by storm.

The midge pugilist works his trick on subjects of great muscular strength. Coulon picks out any man of giant build and defies his opponent to lift him off the floor.

When the challenge is accepted, Coulon successfully resists every effort to budge him by placing his finger tips on his opponent's neck and wrist. It is claimed that a man's strength can be "short-circuited" in this way and he rendered powerless.

Charles Richey, famous medical expert, and other noted physicians have examined Coulon's trick with scientific care. They witnessed a fruitless attempt on the part of Codene (weight-lifting champion at the last Olympic games) to lift Coulon.

Codene lifted Coulon with ease until Johnny placed the fingers of his right hand lightly on Codene's neck just below the corners of the jawbone and the fingers of his left hand on Codene's wrist. Then the champion's great muscles failed to lift little Johnny an inch.

In analyzing the phenomenon, the doctors agree that trickery or psychic suggestion does not enter into it at all. Experiments showed that anybody can perform the trick if the fingers are properly placed.

Dr. A. L. Aldinger, director of physical training and hygiene for fifteen years in elementary and high schools of New York City, was asked by the writer to explain, if possible, Coulon's trick.

"You cannot put your will into any physical effort when pain directs it elsewhere," said Dr. Aldinger. "For instance, you can hardly double up your fingers when I press the inside of your wrist with my thumb, because the pressure inhibits the tendons of the forearm from action—the tendons, you know, control the strength of the fingers."

"The doctor then placed his fingers on my neck below the jawbone. This is a very vital spot," he laughed as he pressed, producing a painful effect.

"I am pressing a delicate bone called the styloid process. This bone covers veins, arteries and nerves." "Quo!" If you don't believe this will give you a short circuit, try it. Maurice Leffevre, French boxer, inspired by Coulon's successful trick, has also introduced a puzzling physical stunt with which to startle Parisian merry-makers and scientific savants.

To wit: A man is laid on his back on a table and two others, one on each side, try to lift him, using only the index fingers of their hands, placed below the shoulders and knees.

The subject lifted should be above ordinary strength. When the game begins the lifter takes deep breaths, keeping the fingers in position, blow in between the body and the table a low rhythmic blow, beginning at the shoulders and going down to the feet. This is done twenty times. At the twentieth "blow" the two lifters exert themselves to lift the body, which they could, nine before, lift easily picked up and held five or six seconds.

"This can't be done lifting inanimate objects. A deep respiration on the part of the subject lifted would lighten the body so much for every cubic inch of air in the lungs," explained Dr. Aldinger. "An inanimate object can't breathe, hence it loses no weight."

THE JARR FAMILY

BY ROY L. MCARDLELL

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"MRS. JARR'S clothes are getting so cheap. I thought you were going to get a new suit?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, they'll be cheaper yet; I'll wait," replied Mr. Jarr. "But it doesn't pay for a man to look shabby!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Of course, I haven't any new clothes, you might say, but it doesn't make any difference to me; I'm used to that."

"Well, I was a little short after our Christmas expenditures," remarked Mr. Jarr. "It took all our money for Christmas presents! But in a week or so I'll catch up and we can both get some clothes."

"Well, we didn't spend any money to amount to anything! I was very economical this Christmas," said Mrs. Jarr sharply. "You and that man Rangle went to the prize fights, didn't you?"

"Why Rangle paid for his ticket to the fight," said Mr. Jarr. "It wasn't anything much, at that."

"Well, I want you to get a suit of clothes," said Mrs. Jarr. "I want you to get them this week. You have the money."

"I had to spend a little of it," said Mr. Jarr.

"What?" asked Mrs. Jarr suspiciously.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Jarr, "there is a New Year's collection for the office help, and I had to remember the postman, and what with this and that and the other, and subscriptions taken up for a loving cup for the general manager, some of it went."

"A loving cup for that man?" asked Mrs. Jarr in surprise. "Why, I thought nobody liked him?"

"Nobody does," said Mr. Jarr gloomily. "That's the kind of fellow who always gets a loving cup or a gold watch or a fob set with diamonds if he stays on the job, and if he is leaving, he gets a big dinner, besides, at which, every time his name is mentioned, everybody rises and sings, 'For He's Such a Jolly Good Fellow,' when, if everybody had their way, they'd throw him off the dock. But if it's a good fellow he gets nothing if he stays or leaves."

"I think the men are a lot of hypocrites," said Mrs. Jarr. "You never catch women clubbing in to buy anything for another woman, save the retiring lady president of a club. It's enough to have to fight with her clique to re-elect her, or with the other clique to have her dropped."

"Well, I'm through," said Mr. Jarr. "These drives and collectors are all overdone. I don't mind feeding the starving children of Europe, but these testimonial things are seldom got up for anybody who needs them."

"And you gave \$10 to buy anything for anybody, scarce as money has been this Christmas and New Year?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"No," said Mr. Jarr, "and I won't either. Nobody gets up anything for me, and I certainly am not going to be the goat any more!"

Then Mr. Jarr went downtown and headed the list with \$20 to buy the boss a chest of silver for his wedding anniversary. Safely first, in case of danger of fire!" murmured Mr. Jarr.

MAXIMS OF A MODERN MAID

MARGUERITE MOGERS MARSHALL

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There is a type of man who considers that he needs a little romance in his life, just as he needs a little golf and a little car, and when something goes wrong with the romance he feels almost as badly as when the car is laid up or he is off his stroke.

A widow may be a pathetic, an alluring, even a sinister figure, but somehow no one lavishes much emotion or speculation on that predestined prey of a "second," a widower.

Most so-called happiness, when analyzed, proves to be a "just-as-good" substitute.

A lovers' quarrel usually ends in tears, but the quarrels of the married reach their climax in sneers.

Fidelity in word and act is at least possible for a love-plighted man or woman, but fidelity in thought can be practiced only by a god or by an unthinking animal.

A woman tells the truth to the man she loves until his temper, jealousy and misunderstanding teach her the dissimulations of secret diplomacy.

When a man begins to prefer golf to tennis, a simple roast to a Lucullan feast, a chicken to a woman of thirty, you may know that he is "getting on."

Every woman should have at least two good reasons for wearing this season's short skirt, but, judging from appearances, it is true that most women are not reasoning beings!

A new idea is like an egg—the responsible party simply can't help talking about it.

When blankets become thin or discolored, put a layer of cotton on one side and cover both sides with silk mull and you will have a nice lightweight comfortable.

As you open the jelly glasses during the winter do not throw away the paraffin. Wash it carefully and keep it in a covered receptacle. Next summer it can be used again for the new jelly supply.

Polish with a piece of old velvet.

Stuff the silk parasol with tissue paper before packing it away. This will keep the panels from creasing in the centre and will prevent splitting.

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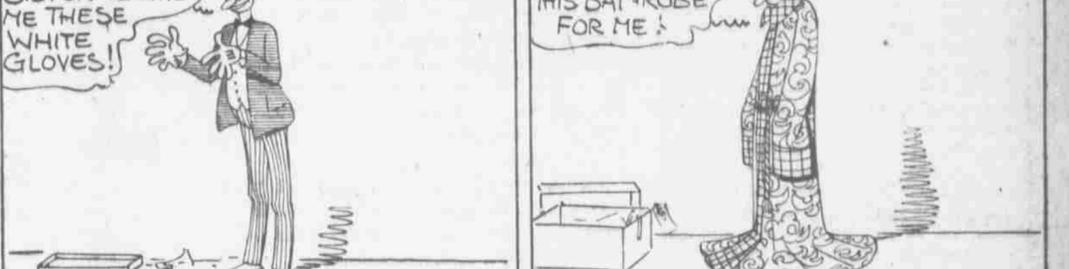
Such Is Life!

By Maurice Ketten

IT WAS SWEET OF MOTHER TO GIVE ME THIS FANCY VEST! I ALWAYS WANTED ONE.



IT WAS THOUGHTFUL OF GRANDMA TO GIVE ME THIS NIFTY HAT! JUST WHAT I NEEDED.



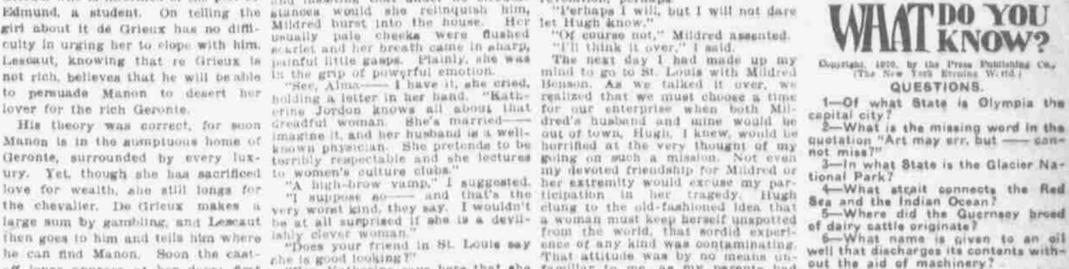
WASN'T IT ADORABLE OF SISTER TO GIVE ME THESE WHITE GLOVES!



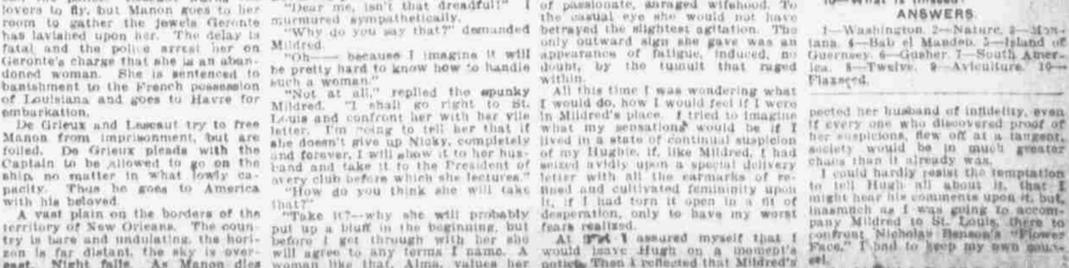
WASN'T AUNTIE SWEET TO MAKE THIS BAT ROBE FOR ME!



I AM VERY GRATEFUL TO COUSIN JULIA FOR THIS SMOKING JACKET AND TO COUSIN EMILY FOR THESE SLIPPERS.



WASN'T IT LOVELY OF SISTER-IN-LAW TO GIVE ME THESE CIGARS.



REVIEW OF 1920

BY NEAL R. O'HARA

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OLD 1920 has been a great year in spite of the income tax.

As an Anno Domini it was no blank. There were floods, cyclones and Bryan threatened to bolt the party. Events came thick and fast and Congress investigated 'em thickly, but not so fast. One landlord was found not cheating. It's been a tough year for the ultimate consumer, but no tougher than other years since 1880. But as 1920 passes there are plenty of dividends that are passing with it.

A review of the year shows symptoms of ingrowing taxes and anemic incomes. Some millionaires don't know where their next omelette is coming from. Prices have declined from Portland, Me., to Portland cement. Our liberty bonds will soon be within reach of the installment collectors. Wall Street is all upset. The brokers have switched to selling stock in olive oil wells in Italy.

The coal situation is now clearing up. Coal will be cheaper by next July. Russian dressing still costs 500,000 rubles for a pair of shoes and 3,000,000 more for a suit of clothes. New York still holds its title as the greatest city of the world, including the underworld. The crooks have been forced to buy railroad tickets for somewhere else, which is punishment enough.

The jazz bands are working longer hours but playing less music. The shipyards have floated more loans than hulls. But it has been a great year for Jack Dempsey. As 1920 swings to the tape Jack has lettuce in the bank and cauliflower on his ear. The mail service is the same as ever. For two cents you can still send a letter anywhere, and that's where it's liable to go—anywhere.

A Boston guy turned down a million-dollar inheritance, proving that insanity is on the increase. United States mail trucks bettered the war record of our tanks with a surplus of 11,000 casualties. Harding swept the country and got a four-year term. Ponzil swept New England and got a five-year term.

Henry Ford put flivvers within reach of the walking man. The Democrats defeated the Socialists for second place in the election. Men's clothing dropped 30 per cent and women's waists sixteen inches. The United States grey to a total of 105,708,771 people, including Congressmen.

Was 1920 a great year? Ask dad—he got the bills!

NEAL R. O'HARA

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Opera Stories At a Glance

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No. 11.—Puccini's "Manon Lescaut."

MANON LESCAUT, sister of a Sergeant of the King's Guards, is on her way to a convent to complete her education. Her brother, however, finding her to be greatly admired by the wealthy Geronte, is willing to play a negative part and let the old satyr plot to abduct her. But at first sight Manon has fallen in love with the Chevalier de Grieux, who is informed of the plot by Edmund, a student. On telling the girl about it de Grieux has no difficulty in urging her to elope with him. Lescaut, knowing that de Grieux is not rich, believes that he will be able to persuade Manon to desert her lover for the rich Geronte.

His theory was correct, for soon Manon is in the sumptuous home of Geronte, surrounded by every luxury. Yet, though she has sacrificed love for wealth, she still longs for the chevalier. De Grieux makes a large sum by gambling, and Lescaut then goes to him and tells him where he can find Manon. Soon the cast-off lover appears at her door; first he reproaches her, but is soon won back by her beauty. Geronte finds them and appears to approve of their affection, but in reality he goes to call the police. Lescaut warns the lovers to fly, but Manon goes to her room to gather the jewels Geronte has lavished upon her. The delay is fatal and the police arrest her on Geronte's charge that she is an abandoned woman. She is sentenced to banishment to the French possession of Louisiana and goes to Havre for embarkation.

De Grieux and Lescaut try to free Manon from imprisonment, but are foiled. De Grieux pleads with the Captain to be allowed to go on the ship no matter in what lowly capacity. These he goes to America with his beloved.

A vast plain on the borders of the territory of New Orleans. The country is bare and undulating, the horizon far distant, the sky is overcast. Night falls. As Manon dies from exhaustion her lover falls senseless on her body.

"Dear Miss Vincent: I have two tickets for an evening affair and wish to ask a young man to be my escort for the evening. It puzzles me as to whether this young man ought to pay for the tickets, which I hold, or whether I am to account for them."

"A. S."

Since you will have to ask him to be your escort, it would be rude and out of place for the young man to offer to pay for said tickets. He should merely act as escort as he would at a party or any other social affair.

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WOULD YOU MARRY YOUR HUSBAND OVER AGAIN?

BY EDITH JOHNSON

Instalment No. 41. I MAKE AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

TEN days after I had been a witness to Mildred Benson's drama of grief over her discovery of the letter a woman, signing herself "Flower Face" had written to her husband, declaring her love for him and insisting that under no circumstances would she relinquish him, Mildred burst into the house. Her usually pale cheeks were flushed scarlet and her breath came in sharp, painful little gasps. Plainly, she was in the grip of powerful emotion.

"See, Alma—I have it, she cried, holding a letter in her hand. "Katherine Jordan knows all about that dreadful woman. She's married—a well-known physician. She pretends to be a woman's club. She lectures to women's clubs."

"I suppose so—and that's the very worst kind, they say. I wouldn't be at all surprised if she is a devilishly clever woman."

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GOING DOWN!

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DEAR Student: The next time you have your big dictionary handy, look among the 215 odd words beginning with SELF, and find the meaning of SELF-WILL.

After you have done this, make a list of men made great by the World War and check off those who sank into oblivion after the signing of the armistice.

Next, ask yourself if SELF-WILL, on their part did not cause their downfall, and remember the moral next time you insist on having your own way in spite of—well, everything.

Sincerely,
ALFALFA SMITH.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

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QUESTIONS.

1—Of what State is Olympia the capital city?
2—What is the missing word in the quotation "Art may err, but — cannot miss?"
3—In what State is the Glacier National Park?
4—What strait connects the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean?
5—Where did the Guernsey breed of dairy cattle originate?
6—What name is given to an oil well that discharges its contents without the aid of machinery?
7—Of what continent was the guinea pig originally a native?
8—How many sides has a dodocagon?
9—What is the breeding and rearing of birds called?
10—What is innisled?

ANSWERS.

1—Washington. 2—Nature. 3—Montana. 4—Bab el Mandeb. 5—Island of Guernsey. 6—Gusher. 7—South America. 8—Twelve. 9—Aviculture. 10—Flaxseed.

pected her husband of infidelity, even if every one who discovered proof of her suspicions, flew off at a tangent, society would be in much greater chaos than it already was.

I could hardly resist the temptation to tell Hugh all about it, that I might hear his comments upon it, but, inasmuch as I was going to accompany Mildred to St. Louis, there to confront Nicholas Benson's "Flower Face," I had to keep my own counsel.

(Continued on the next page.)